

and there wasn't nobody to home. So he
his, makin' a low bow: "I called to see Joshua Bumpus about
y was a story, but two cents in the wrong the
added, I see there hain't nobody to home."
out if you
"No, sir," says I, firmly. "There hain't
nobody in the house; the folks are all aw
where round here."
"I was agitated, and nearly by the side
of myself, and know not what I was sayin'
and he also was entirely by the side of his
self, but still seemin' to want to do the fa
thing by him. He says in polite accents: "
"I see just how it is, I see those hain't
nobody here. But when somebody goes
round here, I wish you'd tell 'em I come
"I will," says I, in firm accents.
"I'll 'em," says he, lookin' at me wit
that same terrible awfuladdin' way, the
'em that my name is Josiah Allen, that
am a widower by trade, and wanted to bu
a steer."
I will," says I.
"I will," in that same curious tone, an
with that same terrible look, "What might
I call your name, munny, munny, munny—
are—are anywhere—when anybody's a
home?"
"Samantha Smith," says I, and I could
hear as if I spoke how awfully strange my
voice sounded, almost like a perfect stranger
to me.
He looked at me more admirin' nor
meachin' nor than he had looked, and says he
in his accents, "I shall come again."
when you are—when somebody's a home."
He turned 'round and went down the
steps slowly, as if he didn't want to. And
after he went down the last one, he turned
and seemin'ly wantin' to make me feel
as good as he couldn't, and put me at
my ease, and says he:
"I won't hang 'round no longer, when
there hain't nobody here."
And, oh! what a terrible machin' and
awful admirin' look did come over his brow
under that terrible look, that mournin' we
as he slowly turned and went off.
The very next day but one, Uncle Jo
Joshua's folks came home. And Josiah Al
most the same minute they did. And I no
ticed the first thing that he had took off
it, too, and bein' intimate, asked him about
it. And Josiah turned it off real handsome.
He said:
"He thought he might as well take off
the weed, it made him feel so sort o
weedy."
Well, as I said, he came, and he kept a
comin', and when I went home, he came
there and kept a-comin', and in less than a
week the first time he and I were alone, I
wrote my name Samantha Allen, formerly
Smith.

ODDS AND ENDS.

A young lady isn't like a tree. You cannot estimate her age by counting her rings.

A new book like a fresh lobster, doesn't benefit a man much until it is read and digested.

There is now and then a thing which the more it's cut the longer it grows—a ditch, for example.

"This is the rock of ages," said the father after cooking for two hours and the baby still awake.

The ordinary life of a locomotive is thirty years, and doubt it would live much longer if it did not smoke so much.

The hardest thing in the world for a young woman to do is to look unconcerned at the first thing she comes out in a handsome engagement ring.

"Don't show my letters," wrote a young lady when she advised. "Don't be afraid," was the reply. "I'm just as much ashamed of them as you are."

Here is the choicest conundrum of the season: What is the difference between a pumpkin pie and a muzzie? One is good on dogs and the other is dog-on-good.

"Life" says some one is "made up of little things." Which one you can deny. We were all "little things" once—until Senator David Davis and Barnum's fat boy.

There are many hard tasks for women in this world, but few which they find it impossible to perform. Still there never was a woman who could keep a far-fetched circular from flying open and showing the fur.

"Which side of the street do you live on, Mr. Kippie?" asked a counsel cross-examining a witness. "On either side. If you say, it's on the right side; if you go the other way, it's on the left."

Charley—"What girl was that you had in town last evening?" Harry (on his dignity)—"What girl, please to call in town, sir, is what people of culture generally speak of as blonde tresses, sir." Goes off in a huff.

A little boy of four was sleeping with his brother, when the latter said: "Why, Tommy, you are lying right here." "What of the bud; what will poor Harry do?" "Well, ma," he replied, "Harry's got both sides."

A principal of a female college in Elmira told his lady pupils that so far as dropping love letters out of the windows was concerned, she need not raise so much of an objection as he did in the poor spelling some of them contained.

It was a very mean man who slipped his hand between the heads of a young man and a young lady in the front seat as the train entered the tunnel. He said afterward the young man's beard was very stiff, but the pressure on the other side of the hand felt like the tips of a fur tie.

A passer-by puts his head in at the window of the shop where an honest cobbler is working, never thinking of evil, and, says, cheerily, "Well, my friend, how many there are the shoes in the sack without counting you?" "What?" the cobbler, "without counting me?" "Well, then," says his imperturbable questioner, "how many are there, counting you?"

The following anecdote illustrates a well-known trait of the Yankee. In giving it place we do not endorse the wagger part of it. A wagger was laid on the Yankee peculiarity of asking one question by another. To decide the net downward was interrogated: "I want you," said the better, "to give me a straightforward answer to a plain question." "I can do it, mister," said the Yankee, "but you must first ask the Englishmen always answer a question by asking one in return?" "Do they?" was Jonathan's reply.

MINISTRIAL WIT.—Here is an amusing bit of ecclesiastical tit-for-tat. Two young men were chums and intimate friends in college. One became a Baptist minister, the other an Episcopalian. They did not meet again for many years. When they did, it was in the pulpit of the Baptist church, when the Episcopalian preached to the great satisfaction of the congregation. "Sermon over the two divines ducked their heads behind the breastwork of the preaching desk and held the following conversation: "You mean, Tom; much obliged. Sorry I can't repay your kindness for preaching by asking you to stay to our communion. Can't though, you know, because you have never been baptized. Now, don't concern yourself about that, Jim; I couldn't baptize a

Bucks County Gazette:

JESSE C. THOMAS, Editor.

Thursday, February 19, 1880.

Entered at the Bristol Post Office as second class matter.

An ornithological friend informs us that the first specimen of the *Turdus Migratorius* was seen in Bristol to-day. This is the first one noticed this season. Its appearance so soon in the year denotes its belief in the theory that the early bird catches the worm, but whether its belief has been confirmed is not known. It will, however, be hailed as a harbinger of Spring, that our charming little friend of the *Turdus Migratorius* variety has come amongst us again. Perhaps it may be as well to state that the *Turdus Migratorius* is more familiarly known as the robin.

The Philadelphia Evening Star has a correspondent from Hoxborough who makes some remarkably correct predictions regarding the weather, from time to time. Last Saturday's Star contained a communication, written the day previous, predicting snow for Sunday, and clearer and colder weather, attended with high or very brisk winds. On Tuesday another communication was printed, which directs attention to atmospheric and electrical phenomena which may be expected this week, and desires that notice may be taken of the peculiar celestial signs that may be exhibited in the heavens to-night, to-morrow night, and Saturday night.

The following books have recently been added to the Bristol Library:—
Abraham Lincoln, (New Plutarch) by C. G. Leland.
Judas Macabees, do, C. R. Conder.
Coligny, do, Walter Besant.
Life of Michael Angelo, 2v., H. Grimm.
Camps in the Caribbees, Fredk A. Ober.
Hugonots of France, 2v., Henry M. Baird.
Hawthorne, (English Men of Letters Series) H. James, Jr.
Southey, do, Edw. Dowden.
Lectures of Charles Dickens, 2 vols.
Appleton's Cyclopaedia, 10 vols.
The Light of Asia, Edward Arnold.
Webster's Great Speeches, Ed. by Whipple.
The Faith of Reason, J. W. Chadwick.
Thoughts that Breathe, Dean Stanley.
Old Friends and New, Sarah O. Jewett.
An Earnest Triller, Anon.
A Fool's Errand, by One of the Fools.
His Majesty Myself, No Names Series.
Sarah DeBerenger, Jean Ingelow.
Uncle Tom's Cabin, (new ed.) Mrs. Stowe.

The following letter was published in last week's *Intelligencer*. It plainly states the position of Hon. C. N. Taylor, our delegate to the Republican Convention. We re-publish it to show that the statement, which no one who knew Mr. Taylor ever credited, that Senator Cameron secured the support of Mr. Taylor by permitting his name to be placed on the list of delegates. Mr. Taylor did not desire to be selected by the State Convention, and does not consider himself bound by its action. The following is the letter referred to:

SUNDAY FARM, Bucks Co., Pa.,
February 2, 1880.
To the delegates of the county of Bucks, to the Republican State Convention at Harrisburg, February 4, 1880, to select national delegates to the National Republican Convention at Chicago, and to nominate candidates for Auditor General and Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

GENTLEMEN: Being unwilling that the Republicans of the Seventh Congressional District of Pennsylvania shall be placed in a doubtful position by any silence as to their representative, I wish to distinctly understand by said convention that if they shall assume the authority to select the delegates or congressional delegates, and shall select myself as one of them, I shall refuse to enter the convention under their credentials. If they shall select any other gentleman than myself in my stead, I shall contest his seat to the best of my ability. If they shall select any individual as affecting the Congressional delegation I shall obey them, unless the same are ratified and approved by a convention of the Republicans of the Seventh Congressional District of Pennsylvania. You are authorized to make such use of this letter, as you see proper.

Very respectfully,
C. N. TAYLOR.

The *Popular Science Monthly* for March is rich in the variety of its contributions, but is especially strong in the direction of education. In this field it is doing a most important public work, its educational papers being able and more advanced in their treatment of principles than those contained in journals professionally devoted to the subject. The first article in the March number is a brilliant discussion by Dr. William James, of "The Association of Ideas." Dr. James is Professor of Physiology at Harvard, and takes up his mental problem from the physiological standpoint. It gives a new view of an old subject, and will be read with pleasure by everybody. "Dolphins in Japan," by Professor Morse, is an instructive popular lesson in archeology. It gives an interesting account of these ancient and curious stone structures, and their supposed uses, with many original illustrations. One of the freshest and most telling papers that we have read in a long time is that on "The Study of Political Economy," by Henry George, author of the new work on "Progress and Poverty." Professor Ledy, of Philadelphia, has a pungent little dissertation on museums and their uses, under the title of "Ward's Natural Science Establishment." "New Views of Animal Transformations," by Edmund Perrier, is an article that will take hold of all biologists. Perrier is a young French Academician, who was a resolute anti-Darwinian; but he began a series of researches on protoplasm, which converted him to evolution, and which threw a new light on the composition and building up of the organic series. "The Duty of Enjoyment," is a practical lesson from the "New Ethics," a "Intemperance in Study," by Dr. Tuks, enforces impressively, and from large observation, the perils of study under pressure. W. C. Conant contributes a timely article on "Water as Fuel," which, now that there is a rational prospect that water will supersede coal as a source of heat, will be read with avidity. "The Early Free Schools of America," "Fossiliferous Ruins in Southern Colorado," "The Convent of the Capuchins," "Atheism in Schools," "The Maternalism," "Fossil-Phenomena in Southern Russia," and a biographical "Sketch of Carl Ritter," complete the list of this admirable number of *The Popular Science Monthly*.

[For the Bucks County Gazette.]
MUSINGS AND MUTTERINGS.

BY NIGUEL.

On Friday last a very brief and apparently ordinary item of news was published in the morning papers, which may be regarded as a striking sign of the times. In the paper from which I quote it was concisely presented in these words: "Governor Corbitt of New York, has signed the bill to allow women to vote for school trustees and act as such."

Ten years ago the passage of such a bill could not have been included within the limits of possible things. Singular dreams may have foreseen it, just as they foresee other and more important developments in the ever-expanding region of fact. Its passage now not only typifies the growth of public sentiment, but it likewise indicates the gradual progress of political and social thought, and shows how slowly and successfully new ideas shape themselves into practical forms, and are peacefully admitted within the guarded precincts of toleration. Almost always new things must struggle in order to get there, but they usually succeed in reaching that sacred goal, where they prepare the soil for their more radical kindred, which they prophesy will come after them.

In the long run the reformer is sure to triumph. His idea takes hold of the popular mind by slow degrees; it spreads and flourishes, overcomes opposition, provokes discussions that are more likely to strengthen it by the elaboration of its merits than to weaken it by the exposure of its faults; and in the fulness of time it takes its place side by side with those which passed through a like experience before they commanded approval. Resistance is not wholly useless; it is even a virtue, for the period of resistance is the period of education, of preparation and of discipline, and the more the reformer is opposed the more zealous and persistent he becomes. The conservative is no match for him. A handful of radicals imbued with a living idea that emanates from the fountain of justice, will put to flight a whole community of conservatives. "Nature, when she adds difficulty, adds brain." The great reformers of the world have always been in the minority, but they generally have the advantage of great brains, and a consciousness that they stand on power, for they stand on the right. Their position is always affirmative, always fortified by grand ideas, and they always go for truth. The assurance of final success fills them with enthusiasm, which enlivens their zeal, and animates their purpose.

I have wandered far from my starting point. The bill alluded to, which has become a law in the State of New York, has its counterpart and precursor in Massachusetts. In two states women can now vote and be voted for in matters pertaining to the direction of public schools. In Pennsylvania, as well as in some other states, they can be voted for but they cannot vote. Our present state constitution, which was adopted in 1874, forbids to them this appealing half-loaf. They will get the other half in the course of Pennsylvania's events. But the women of the State do not manifest any vital tokens of hunger in that direction, which is not particularly praiseworthy on their part.

The Pennsylvania Woman Suffrage Association, it is said, has initiated steps having in view a change in the constitution so as to give logical completeness to the privilege, and in due season its influence will be felt in the legislature. We do not wish to be too far behind our sister states. We have a little pride, some ambition, a proper share of self-respect and a due appreciation of the propriety of extending the influence of women in a domain that so highly concerns the welfare of their children.

I notice that some amiable people have been going from door to door soliciting signatures to a petition directed to the County Court, politely asking Judge Watson to refrain from granting to any one the lawful privilege of selling intoxicating liquors in our borough. What effect such a laudible and beneficent undertaking will have, it is easy to predict, but it is not so easy to determine the influence of such an endeavor. The object may not be gained, but the labor will not be lost. It is one method of agitation, and as a worthy effort with a high end in view, it does not derive merit from the prospect of success, nor lose it through the certainty of failure. It shows that our best citizens, the true economists and true moralists, are actuated by a purpose to secure the broadest and deepest welfare of the community, by aiming a blow at a system that is evil at its root, evil in all its branches and continually evil in its fruits. It proclaims to Judge Watson and all others in and out of authority, that the petitioners are not willing to see the community cursed by a despoiling abomination, and corrupted by a pernicious nuisance, and corrupted by a pernicious nuisance, and corrupted by a pernicious nuisance.

"Fees of Doctors"—The fee of doctors is an item that very many persons are interested in just at present. We believe the schedule for visits is \$3.00, which would tax a man confined to his bed for a year, and in need of a daily visit, over \$1,000 for medical attendance alone! And one single bottle of *Hop Bitters* taken in time would save the \$1,000 and all the year's sickness.

"PRIZE BUTTER AT THE N. Y. FAIR."—There was a very fine display of extra choice butter at the great International Dairy Fair. The packages that took the prizes were splendid samples of what quality butter ought to be, perfect in quality and color. Many of them were colored to a perfect June that with Wells, Richardson & Co's Perfected Butter Color, the use of which was universally recommended both by the makers and the butter buyers.

"COUNTY TICKET."—Muslin 6 cts., crabs 5, ladies' linen collars, 8 cts., calves cheap. Wood's Cheap Store.

A REFUGE FOR THE SICK.—The following is a copy of a letter from a distinguished Presbyterian clergyman, addressed to D. M. Zimmerman, Esq., treasurer of the Camden and Atlantic railroad:—"Will you, my dear Sir, allow me, in a few words, to give you one great reason why I am delighted with Atlantic City? Early last spring my daughter came home from boarding school quite ill with malarial fever. For five or six weeks she was confined most of the time to a sick bed. As soon as it was possible, by the advice of her physician, we took her to Atlantic City. So much enticed had she become that she was with great difficulty—almost carrying her—that we could get her up into her room in the hotel. She almost swooned in the effort, but she soon fell asleep, and in two hours she awoke, exclaiming joyfully, 'Oh, I am well!' The sea atmosphere acted on her almost like a miracle. In two hours she came from her bed complaining of hunger. She went to the table and ate most abundantly, though for weeks she had scarcely tasted food. Before we knew, she was in the parlor at the piano. When, an hour or two afterwards, I started for home, she accompanied me the greater part of the way to the depot on foot. She was perfectly well, with the fever all gone from that time. Though the weather was still cold and bathing, of course out of the question, the effect of the mere breathing of the sea air had a marvelous effect upon her, when, after spending some time at the shore, she returned. There was no relapse, and she had been seen. This effect of the sea, in restoring health and strength, even in cold weather, has excited the attention and the wonder of the many friends who are familiar with the circumstances."

"A CROSS BABY."—Nothing is so conducive to a man's remaining a bachelor as stopping for one night at the house of a married friend and being kept awake for five or six hours by the crying of a cross baby. All cross and crying babies need only Hop Bitters to make them well and smiling. Young men remember this.—Ed.

"Never let a cold run. Take it in time. All that is necessary is to procure a bottle of 'Sellers' Cough Syrup,' and be cured."

"TO THE VOTERS OF BRISTOL."—Good working pants, 75 and \$1.00; vests, 50 cts.; under-shirts, 25, 35, 50, &c. Hats and caps, latest style neckties and collars. Wood's Immense depot.

W. Grace, 112 Cedar street, above Episcopal Church, Bristol Pa., dealer in Wall Paper and Window Shades, has the largest and best assortment in Bristol, wholesale and retail. Call and examine styles before purchasing elsewhere.

W. N. K. Balleau now offers one of the best cough medicines in the world. He has confidence in it, and it will give satisfaction. Ask for Piso's Cure for Consumption.

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"Read! crackers 8 cts. lb., hard 9, soda 3, raisins 10, beans 7. Wood's Cheap Store.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

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E. F. Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron. For the cure of this disease. It has been prescribed for many years in the practice of eminent physicians with unparalleled success. Symptoms are loss of appetite, wind arising from food, dryness in mouth, headache, dizziness, sleeplessness and low spirits. Get the genuine. Not sold on bottles, unless around the neck, of \$5.00. Ask your druggist for E. F. Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron, and if he has it not, send to purveyor, E. F. Kunkel, 239 North Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Advice free; enclose 3-cent stamp.

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E. F. Kunkel's Worm Syrup never fails to destroy Pin, Seat and Stomach Worms. Dr. Kunkel, the only successful physician who removes Tapeworm in two hours, alive with ease, and has no need of removal. Common sense teaches that Tapeworms to be removed, must be killed, and then removed. Advice at office and store free. The doctor can tell whether or not the patient has worms. Thousands are dying daily, with worms, and do not know it. Erysipelas, cramps, cholera and softening of the brain, are caused by worms. Tapeworms swell and pain in the stomach, restlessness at night, grinding of the teeth, picking at the nose, cutting the corners of the mouth, and the patient breathes and yawns in the stomach, and then, tickling and irritation in the anus—all these symptoms, and many more, come from worms. E. F. Kunkel's Worm Syrup never fails to remove them. For Pin Worms, one bottle or 50¢; for Seat Worms, one bottle or 50¢; for Stomach Worms, one bottle or 50¢. For all others, buy your drug store. The Worm Syrup, and be sure it is not, send to Dr. E. F. Kunkel, 239 North Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Advice by mail, free; send three-cent stamp.

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THE SUN FOR 1880.

This Sun will deal with the events of the year 1880 in its own distinctive and well understood by everybody. From January 1 until December 31 it will be conducted as a newspaper in the English language, and will be sent for the people.

The Sun believes in getting all the news of the world, and in sending it in the most intelligible shape to the people. It is a daily paper, and is published every day, except on Sundays and holidays. It is a paper which is not only a source of information, but a source of amusement. It is a paper which is not only a source of information, but a source of amusement. It is a paper which is not only a source of information, but a source of amusement.

In its comments on men and affairs, the Sun believes that the only guide of policy should be common sense, inspired by genuine American principles and backed by honest purpose. For this reason it is, and will continue to be, absolutely independent of party, class, organization, or interest. It is for the people, and for the people's interests. It is for the people, and for the people's interests.

These are the principles upon which the Sun will be conducted during the year to come. The year 1880 will be one which will see the American people united in a common purpose. It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of the political situation which is before the people. The Sun will be a source of information, and a source of amusement. It is a paper which is not only a source of information, but a source of amusement. It is a paper which is not only a source of information, but a source of amusement.

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